

# The Days

Chris Travis

Two bottles of rain, she drinkin' champagne  
If you tryin' to get money I'm on the same thing  
Never care 'bout no nigga because they faker than bitches  
And bitches fakin' they image, they on the same thing  
It's the year that I'm comin', I feel it in my veins  
Smokin' something, I got it straight off the fuckin' train  
Never stumblin', trippin', because I see the way  
And if you in it, then bitch, you ain't gon' see the days

Can't move slow, gotta get the money quick  
Money ain't shit but the devil and some cents  
Guess we living in hell for the fuck of it  
Bitch I'm slidin', check it on my damn bucket list

Neon Porsche with the bands and some other shit  
Need a bitch with her friends, tryin' to double it  
And if you want it then come and get it I'm buggin' shit  
Seen them up in churches, my nigga, you gotta go through it

Nigga who the fucking truth, smokin' out the fucking roof  
Riding through the mouse Like I'm on Scary Movie 2  
Bitches be textin' and callin', think I'm about to scoop  
I just let the phone ring, bitch, like it's on the loop

Young Kenshin Travis, man, slayin' when he in the booth  
Making niggas feel bad, make 'em go and write some hooks  
When you hear my verse, just know it left a nigga spook  
Waterboys hot, make 'em red like Campbell's soup

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Bring it back, these wack niggas is everywhere  
Money coming down then those bitches go up in the air  
Smokin' out the pound, she tryin' to play in a nigga hair  
Bitch fuck around, I'm high and I don't even care  
Ridin' through the town tryin' to buy off the newest shelves  
Bitch fuck around, I'm high and I don't even care  
I'm ridin' through the town tryin' to buy off the newest shelves, bitch